

But For This Prior Knowledge



Paintings by Rupert Loydell
Words by Mike Ferguson

But For This Prior Knowledge

© Rupert Loydell; Mike Ferguson 2020

Gazebo Gravy Press

Devon, UK

Prior Knowledge 1



Knowing this, I could not know the last, though anticipate and extrapolate and – above all – imagine. When a spider weaves its polka-dot web there is magic in silk and deconstruction. There are 27 ways to assess prior knowledge, but not one is predicated on colour. A sleeping orange is still vibrant in its isolation. *Show me* is perhaps the singular relevance from a menu that reads like less is more – even though that was never its intention. I like the idea of painting as prototype. ‘Prior skills’ – this is a basis for moving forward. Black ink in its precursor form: beginnings before extinction when the philistines call.

Prior Knowledge 2



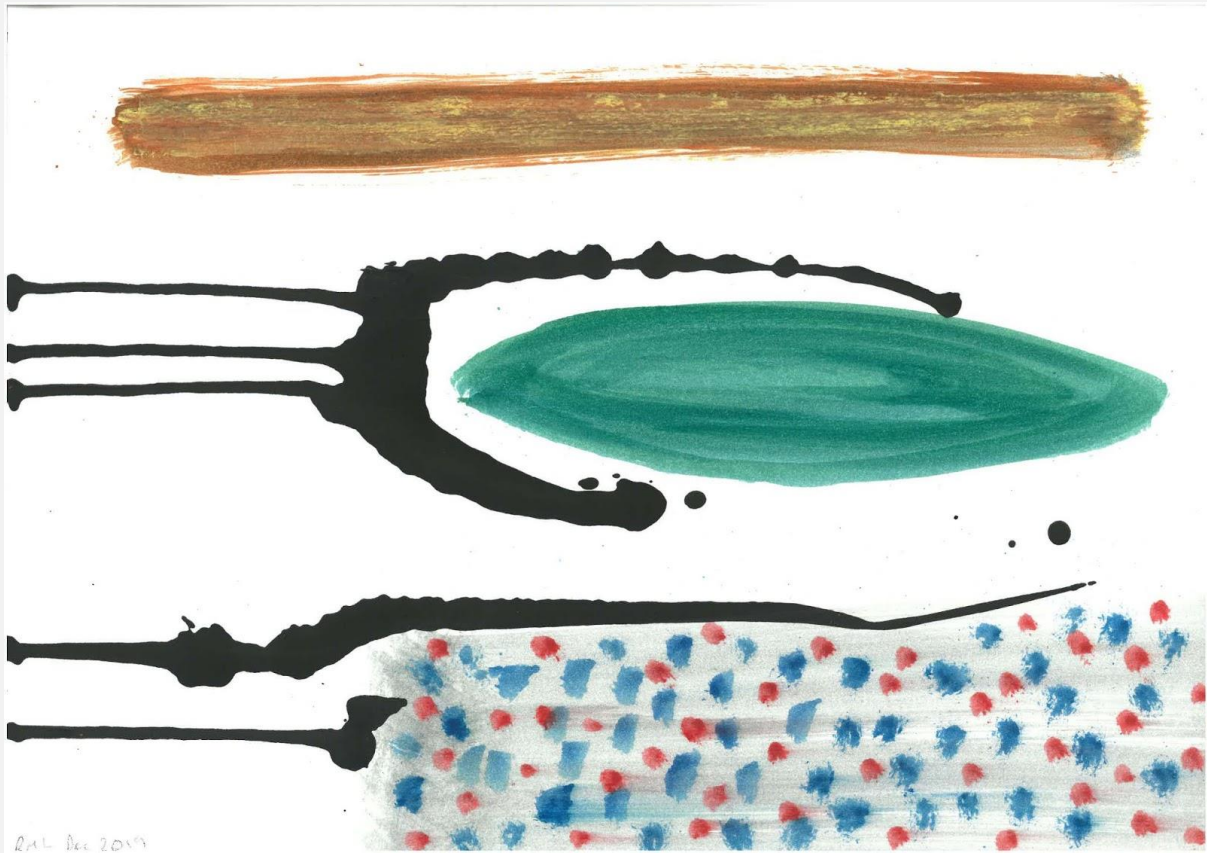
Taking the red-eye to wherever dawn becomes. A sea nearshored by foliage gives us hope for a future, but only before it disappears. The socialism of this is in colour-shares and the permanence of black and grey, as if prominence is what it *really* is when lost in emptiness. Loosening up the fundamentals of knowledge. To refine a gradgrind's stone sculpture to the fluidity of oils and random brushstrokes. When angular bookends embrace spheres we are reading the possibilities. Art practice is not controlled by the virus, but austerity makes a means of production its own disease. That grain, which I have seen before, is for all of us to consume.

Prior Knowledge 3



The beautiful lack of symmetry in a mirror reflection, a development in colour and shapes and size – how knowing one makes the other knowledgeable in such a contrary, defiant further. Links will not always. Dissemination-collation is the act of throwing hues onto a surface and organising it all into white. That blood seeping through. In *drawing on previous learning* you can fill a bag full of clauses to make ‘interesting’ sentences, but only if they make some sense rather than poetry. A gravity of yellow. To access an evidence bank you will need to pay with blind faith and cash. If moving away from Art it is for the rush of a diatribe.

Prior Knowledge 4



From left to right we are grasping what cannot be. Not quite the classic magic three, thankfully. There are dots like mercury. And did you hear all of that? I know it is a baseball bat. Even my prior mathematical knowing is not sure if it is $2 + 1$ or $2 - 1$, though the latter suggests an imagining beyond the representation. A national flag in dissipation. I know it is a Tootsie Roll. Speaking of equations: that *new learning needs to be connected to what you already know* paints newness like an old, immovable stone. I know it isn't American. Green sea in a natural harbour's hold. It is all about right to left?

Prior Knowledge 5



A priori – if we look and do not know it does not mean we do not understand: put that on your palette and stroke its many colours. Purple pipe played. Loosening up to re-engage, there is an ascension like sunrise. Priority will be given to the last apocalypse. In law, where this can all be wrong, the vulnerability is in seeing action as a consequence of creativity. No amount of horizontal can eradicate the vertical. Near-knowing has a resonance as exacting as the sound of its visual error. There is a darkness in it all, this frustration of anticipation.

Prior Knowledge 6



Transferring from one to another you cannot help but smile. The sun is so bright here, is square, and is setting, so any previous knowing has been scorched to oblivion by its unexpectedness. There are a number of Vs that spring to mind but this is a moveable feast. Restructuring schemas are like capitalism: taking it all to those lesser places of more. Prior form would suggest no one must remain in the dark, but it takes a desire to create, and to acknowledge those who do. If we need a vocabulary to know these, the purpose has been missed. This poem is all words / words / words / and rhythm.

Prior Knowledge 7



Viral spots begin to feel like a preoccupation. In that other's portrait of memory encoding, consolidation, and retrieval, there is a perfectly realistic capture of an inability to find the abstract. Sealed with a kiss, lusting. Chicago's *Free Form Guitar* has no priorities other than to arrive far out there. Ontogeny of the unknowing. Behaviour Science has told us we cannot self-isolate for the same duration of a painting in free-flowing containment. There is nothing teensy-weensy about this statement of colours and cover. It is a child's eye seeing without beforehand. Red lips that miss their pucker but for this.

Prior Knowledge 8



In a diminishing world we should finish on this blue and green. And yes we know the meaning of black and reds, reading between the signs without autobiography and other contexts. How in-paint performance is an existential linked to dexterity. Novices who are random but visionary, like a boyhood Coleridge at play: church bells splashing knell and peel across canvas or other platforms. The activation of prior knowledge cannot be painted after it has been found. There is a core with ribs and a spiral spinning the beginnings at this end. *Read my lips*, it is saying, here without the shape of a mouth that makes such recognition irrelevant.